

Letting The Man Get You Down
A Critical Analysis

JUST A TOKEN OF
APPRECIATION FROM
ME TO YOU, SIR!
THANKS FOR BEING
SUCH A GREAT BOSS!
(SEE YOU IN CLASS!)

900

TOIKE OIKE
Vol. XCVIII, Issue 11
ARTS 101Y1
Prof. John Patrick Paddington

NEWS BRIEFS

SURVIVOR RAISES THE STAKES

As the ratings for Survivor: Vanuatu continue to slide, the show's producers, lead by Survivor creator Mark Burnett, have decided to raise the stakes with the next instalment - Survivor: Iraq.

"From the very start of the Survivor series, I think audiences were a bit disappointed that there was next to no chance that someone could actually get killed on the show," explained Burnett. "That all changes with Survivor: Iraq! Radical insurgents, trigger-happy American soldiers, a guest appearance by Donald Rumsfeld ... it's going to be one surprise after another! If ratings improve, the producers will continue the high-stakes trend with future instalments, including Survivor: Shark Tank and Survivor: Chimney."

OUT OF 5000 POLLED, 100% AGREE THAT RYERSON SUCKS



After an exhaustive 3 year study performed by the University of Toronto's Department of Unnecessary Studies, the long accepted theory that Ryerson sucks has finally been proven. The study, which consisted of a survey of 5000 University of Toronto students, stated that without a doubt, Ryerson does suck. "It's about goddamn time, those bastards have been trying to pass themselves off as a real university for years" commented Josh Robbins, a 6th year undergrad. In a response to the report Ryerson (snicker) University has launched its own study currently titled "No we don't." Results are not expected until at least 2006.

CANADA'S OLYMPIC PROGRAM GETS CASH BOOST

After disappointing results at the Athens Summer Olympics, The Canadian Olympic Committee announced today a \$100-million increase in funding for the country's Olympic program. The money will be used to purchase medals from the athletes of more successful countries, so that they can be rewarded to Canadian athletes.

"I am sure Michael Phelps was very pleased to win 8 medals in Athens, but they are probably just taking up space in his closet now", said a committee spokesperson during a recent press conference. "At the very least, I am sure that he would be willing to part with his bronze medals, for the right price." When asked if Canadian athletes would be satisfied with such a hollow victory, the spokesperson replied "What do you want us to do, train them better? They can go to the US for that!"

NOT WORTH IT

On her way home, Rachael Smith was infuriated when a group of yuppies thought her authentic Louis Vuitton bag was actually a fake. "What's the point in having a real bag if people will just think it's fake?" she furiously muttered to herself. Smith promptly sold her bag to buy a fake one, and later purchased a pair of authentic Uggs and a poncho with what money was left over.

Ebert & Toke

... at the movies



Every month The Toke Oike dispatches one fat man and one thin man (recently we were forced to kill the thin man and replace him with a generic idiot for the sake of comedic precision) to the cinema. They are charged with the noble task of writing a truthful and even-handed review for the sake of our readers - and not eating too much popcorn (we have a budget to meet people!) Speaking of budgets, a recent financial windfall turned out to be fraudulent and actually consisted of apples. Though delicious and supposedly useful as a doctor repellent, they cannot be bartered for movie tickets. Therefore, the following reviews were pieced together from newspaper clippings and trailers. Considering the fact Hollywood is sinking into a creative abyss faster than Don Simpson sinks an 8-ball (may he rest in peace and party with Goose in heaven), we don't think you'll notice. Enjoy! (And don't forget to turn off your cell phone. Asshole.)

Ladder 49

If you haven't noticed, firefighters are real popular these days and some junior executive hack at Century City decided to capitalize on that. Joaquin Phoenix, the incestuous, patricidal, but all around good-guy Emperor from Gladiator and John Travolta (Grease, Look Who's Talking Now) are firemen and do the old-guy/young-guy fighting but really love each other while saving the day type thing. The fire claims it was inspired by the fire in Backdraft and plans to mention it in its speech if chosen at the Academy next year (fingers crossed!). One has to admit this film is (wait for it...) smoking!

3 something whimsical...maybe a little flame for this one.

National Treasure

Nick Cage hunts for a coherent script and decent title and spends half the movie trying to steal the Declaration of Independence, which is a secret map to these prizes, before the bad guys do. Museum rent-a-cops prove mighty adversaries and Cage does the whole teaming up with the bad guys in order to complete the mission only to have them webbed on the truce in the end and then have to fight to save the day type thing. Harvey Keitel plays the FBI guy who is also on the hunt, but without the excessive drug-use and full-frontal nudity we know so well from his past work. In this role, he is merely a sober ghost of his former crack-driven, naked self. And the treasure isn't colonial-era but celebrity gossip if that's what you're thinking. Allan Quatermain and Indiana Jones both have civil suits pending for intellectual theft.

2½ something whimsical...a monoply piece. The thimble...perfect.

Sky Captain & The World of Tomorrow

Jude Law reprises his role from Cold Mountain with a sci-fi twist, as he must now battle not the damned Yankees, but their abolitionist cyber-bots. Humphrey Bogart is played by Gwyneth Paltrow, Angelina Jolie's lips appear as themselves, and Giovanni Ribisi appears scared. Upon saving the alleged world of tomorrow, Sky Captain discovers it is actually a crappy rendition of 1930s Britain and sets out to slap Neville Chamberlain before he can toss Hitler's salad and embroil everyone in some kind of robotic WW2.

2½ something whimsical...not a star of course.

First Daughter

This is another instalment in the relatively new genre of hot-president's-daughter-coming-of-age-romantic-comedy. Katie Holmes (the despicable cock-tease from Dawson's Creek) plays an idiot and some funny shit happens that might give a 12 year old a hard-on and before you know it she's happy again and the 88 minutes are up. Michael Keaton aka Beetlejuice aka Batman (!) plays the President (her father, duh) and one exits the theatre wishing he were a third-party candidate on the November ticket. What? You'd rather vote for Val Kilmer? Oh, a Clooney supporter, eh? Have at you! swords clink.

1 ½ something whimsical...on onion? Nah, it's been done.

Alexander the Great

Oliver Stone directs this historical epic and comes to the conclusion that war is tragic even in the classical age but still really cool to watch, kinda like he did in the 80s with Platoon. Also titled

Troy II and Gladiator III for the foreign market, Colin Farrell's method acting paid off as he brings a homoerotic size to the lead, while Angelina Jolie's lips play a convincing slave girl's pouty mouth, leading this journalist to ask, "was fellatio always popular?" After campaigning across the known world and kicking the shit out of every ethnic stereotype in the book, Colin does the usual introspective hero who's done it all yet remains conflicted with his own psyche and inner demons type thing - as well as gettin' street with a frickin' elephant!

4 Thimbles

As second year international student Ram Ranganathan was commuting to campus last Thursday, he spotted Lisa McPherson, whom he thought was the girl of his dreams from his first year Effective Technical Writing English class. Recovering from a recent breakup with his high school sweetheart back home, Ram decided to engage in some small talk or, as his Torontonian friends referred to the process, "flirt" with the girl.

Ignoring her protests, Ranganathan proceeded to try and impress her by talking about his village back home in India and his father's farm with twenty goats, forty cows, and an equally impressive number of chickens. Unfortunately, McPherson remained uninterested and vehemently denied ever seeing him before.

After five minutes of talking to her, Ranganathan realized that McPherson had not asked him anything at all due to her complete lack of interest. He then promptly whipped out his iPod and started blasting "Let's Get Raptured" by the BEP hoping to grab her attention, but McPherson continued to remain blasé to his tactics. Once at Union station, she ran out of the train leaving Ranganathan dazed and baffled. He went home later that night and masturbated to porn on his computer. Ranganathan's friends later revealed to the Toke that it might have been the smell of his coconut hair oil that turned McPherson away.

-James Nairne

-Yaser Habeeb



Girl Snubs Student

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Unfortunate Social Skills Ruin Groovin' Party

9 Out of 10 Doctors Found Guilty in Slaying of Tenth Doctor



In other news, Mrs. Albany's pregnancy test came back 100% pure concentrate. Congrats Janet!

Dearest Diary,

February 3rd, 2004

I just don't understand what's going on around this place. Every day for the past week, Doctors Thompson and Phillips keep ducking their heads into my office and chanting, "We're gonna get you, man." I know what you're thinking, Diary. You're thinking that they're probably just kidding, like when you beat someone at strip poker and you proceed to tear their clothes off and they shriek "Jesus Christ Berlin, we weren't playing strip poker...I'm going to GET you!" Kidding like that, right? Wrong. They sounded serious. Oh well, another day another dollar...or should I say, lots of dollars, since I have most of the patients in this crazy one stethoscope town.

Combined with the fact that Dr. Berlin's body was found already fully autopsied, overwhelming evidence suggested a doctoral conspiracy. Relieved, Antwerp can now return to being the grumpy old bastard he always was, infusing his medications with a little arsenic, and dare I say....a little love?

Abuse of partygoers continued for almost two hours, when finally two of Rogers' friends both took the initiative

Laura Rogers' birthday party, which was expected to be the best party of last weekend, was off to a great start until local social spaz Ernest Finklestein showed up and apparently killed the mood.

"Everything was so awesome," Rogers said, disappointed. "I don't even know how he found out about it. I haven't seen him since like, my first year sociology tutorial. What the hell, man? Blargh."

The report given by attendees was that the much-anticipated party was fully underway and only looking to get better when Ernest "Regrettable Gene Pool" Finklestein arrived. As he worked his way through the party, guests expressed feelings of uneasiness, loss of inclination to dance or drink, a peculiar smell, and, at the extreme, loss of any will to live. His offences included standing too close to people, maintaining offensively intense eye contact, laughing abrasively, and making unwelcome and out of place sexual remarks about female partiers. Four guests recounted hearing the same dead baby joke upwards of three times each.

Rogers' closest friends attempted to revive the party, but found all of the guests irrevocably downhearted. The party reached its gasping, lifeless conclusion at 12:36 am.

-Anne Lange



to remove Finklestein and attempt to salvage the party. After employing basic subtlety tactics such as noting how Ernest knew no one at the party, emphasizing the late hour, and insulting his mother, the boys were discouraged at Finklestein's thickness and resistance to hints that he should leave. Finally, several more guests, tired of hearing his Jar Jar Binks impression, and forcibly removed him from the premises.

Rogers' closest friends attempted to revive the party, but found all of the guests irrevocably downhearted. The party reached its gasping, lifeless conclusion at 12:36 am.

-Anne Lange

S & M's

they "melt" in
your hands
and in your
mouth...

Ooh! So sweet... it hurts!

guaranteed to make you
lose all your inhibitions!

(Warning: 1 pill per day only.)

NEWS BRIEFS

PROFESSOR DOESN'T ANSWER STUDENT'S QUESTION

Matt Green, a first year English student, left class even more confused than when he first entered it. When asked to clarify whether the title "Young Goodman Brown" was indeed ironic to the time in which it was written, the professor answered the question by discussing the morality of 17th century New England. Green, who didn't want to seem unappreciative nodded enthusiastically, but died a little on the inside.

URANUS FOUND TO BE SOURCE OF GAS

Scientists at NASA headquarters were astounded last Saturday when the Hubble Space Telescope returned high-resolution images of the largest recorded gaseous flares on the surface of the bluish-green atmosphere of Uranus.

"It's the first time I saw Uranus expel such a large quantity of methane gas at one time" said Dr. Lorne Mitter, chief of the Hubble Project. "Usually, it releases it subtly and politely as to not let the rest of the system notice." He continued: "The emitted wave of methane could be harmful and malodorous if it reaches Earth." NASA has unveiled plans to launch a space orbiter towards the region of space surrounding the planet where it will use the longest match ever conceived to get rid of the smell.

PITBULLS ARRESTED IN CHILD PORN RAID

Police are questioning 3 pitbulls over alleged child pornography offences following raids across the GTA last week. Toronto police targeted individuals suspected of downloading pedophilic images from child abuse websites. The arrests were made after a team of 100 police officers conducted raids on 35 homes. Computers were seized and suspects were detained for questioning. In addition to the pitbulls, 18 dirty old human perverts were detained. In a statement, Toronto police said that suspects were "traced through electronic footprints they had left while accessing images."

In a related story, police are looking for a pitbull suspected of stealing the purse of an old lady in a west end park early yesterday morning and CSIS is investigating a group of pitbulls in Vancouver suspected of selling weapons-grade plutonium to North Korea. Watch out for pitbulls.

GIRL DUMPS NERD

Sarah Holmes, a female who was seen fleeing her boyfriend in tears, explained "That asshole was using me from the beginning." She went on, "I thought he loved me, but this entire time he was only after my internet bandwidth."

The ex-boyfriend was later available for comment: "At first I was dating her for her body, but when I saw how fast her internet connection was, I felt like I had hit the jackpot." When asked how he was caught, he responded by saying "I dodged the bullet a few times, but one time she walked in as I was downloading to my portable hard disk. So I fucked her like crazy. It would have worked if I hadn't had such a loose tongue in the midst of my pleasure. Yes... Faster... Faster... 300Mbps... OHHH!"

Ask ROSA

Your Repository of Smart-ass Advice

If you have a question about life, love, or school, ROSA has an answer. If you are in need of advice, you have come to the wrong place. But we'll try and help you any way we can.

Please send your questions to toike@skule.ca.



Dear ROSA,

When I started university this September, I had high hopes. I was determined not to fall behind in any of my classes, so I have been working hard since the very beginning. I have gone to all of the lectures and done all of the homework. But, despite my efforts, I have failed my first 2 quizzes! I am starting to believe that I am not cut out for this. Any advice?

Losing Hope, 1st year Engineering

Haven't you heard? Trying is so passé. These days all the cool kids are following the "William Hung principle". The basic idea is that if you can't be the best at something, make sure you are the absolute WORST. Everyone loves an underdog.

But it doesn't have to end with school - lower your standards at work, on the playing field, and with your friends. Eventually you will have nowhere to go but up!

Dear ROSA,

I can't believe it. They actually went through with it!!! Those greedy bastards!!!! What are my buddies and I supposed to do now that hockey is canceled?????? Watch curling?!?!?!?!

Gus

Judging from your excessive use of punctuation, it is clear that this is an issue of great importance to you. But it is still a bit early to resort to such drastic measures.

All we can really suggest is not to give up hope. The lockout can't go on forever. Eventually, the players will acknowledge just how ridiculous it is to make millions of dollars for batting around a frozen urinal cake, and the NHL will return. Of course, when that happens they will be able to play in Hell, since it will have frozen over.

Dear ROSA,

I found a wallet in a restaurant recently. It is full of cash, but no ID. I know that returning it to its owner is the right thing to do. But how? I am afraid that if I turn it over to the restaurant owners, they will just keep the money. I wrote in to Dear Abby, and she said that the money was not worth a guilty conscience and that I should turn it over anyway. What do you think?

John, 2nd year Commerce

Dear John,

Say it isn't so. Did you really write in to another advice column? I thought we were exclusive! How many other advice columns are you reading? No, don't say it, it's just too painful. It's over between us. We're through, do you understand? Through! Don't you dare write in anymore!

Sniff...

XXXBOX PRESENTS

The Passion of the Christ: ESCAPING CRUCIFIXION
A First Person Shooter

Jesus Christ!!!
This game
r0x0rz!"
Judas

666 LEVELS OF GODDAMN BLOODY EXCITEMENT!

Passion

Limited Edition
includes glorius
titles if you manage
to escape

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Does no one give a shit when it's your birthday bash?

WTF! Then call TOKE OIKE PARTY FILLERS!

We offer hourly rentals of token partygoers like the Nerd, the Drama Girl, the Stoner, the Cheerleader and much more!
Call 1-800-IM-PATHETIC to order now!

(Partial catalogue included below. Pricing subject to change.)

NERD

Will snort and wheeze.
Great for bullying into doing your homework!
Loves Algebra!
Price: A look from any female human being.

"NURSE"

Will play "Doctor" with you and "check your temperature". Plastic gloves included.
Price: Open wide and say "ah... AAH... OOH!"

CHEERLEADER

Ditz already! Will put out if you pretend to be a quarterback!
Flexible!
Price: Something pink

STONER

Will bring weed, crack and whatever shit you need to get the party started.
Price: A fuckin' lighter.

FREAK

Makes anyone standing beside her look cool and normal! Great for boosting self-esteem!
Price: A pig skull and some piercings.

DRAMA QUEEN

Will mutter lines from obscure plays while quietly figuring out who the murderer is.
Price: A real future that pays the bills.

EXCHANGE STUDENT

Will smile vaguely and repeat back English phrases for your guests.
Price: Will accept Canadian Tire money.

VARSITY QUARTERBACK

Will likely sleep with any cheerleaders, so order separately!
Price: Tutoring in Calculus, or he's off the fucking team dude.

THE DRUNKEN FRAT BOY

Will drink all your beer. Waste not, want not!
Price: His job is payment enough.

CAREER OPTIONS
By SEAN HOCKIN

ENGINEER VS. NINJA

While pondering over the future of my engineering career, I got thinking about what other careers I could have pursued. Chef. Actor. Politician. Each had its own pros and cons. Then I thought of the ultimate career choice: ninja. The life of a ninja seemed without flaws. But was it really the life for me? Couldn't life as an engineer be just as fulfilling? So I decided to weigh the options: engineer or ninja?

KEY ABILITIES

ENGINEER	NINJA
Complex mathematics, problem-solving skills	Stealth, cunning intelligence, martial arts
ADVANTAGE: NINJA	

DRINK OF CHOICE

ENGINEER	NINJA
Beer	Tea
ADVANTAGE: ENGINEER	

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS

ENGINEER	NINJA
Few	Samurai hordes, other ninjas
ADVANTAGE: ENGINEER	

TOOLS OF THE TRADE

ENGINEER	NINJA
Calculator, digital multimeter	Swords, throwing stars
ADVANTAGE: NINJA	

APPAREL

ENGINEER	NINJA
Coveralls and yellow hardhat	Stealthy black outfit
ADVANTAGE: DRAW	

TRAINING METHOD

ENGINEER	NINJA
Four years at U of T	Years of solitary, isolated training and meditation
ADVANTAGE: ENGINEER	

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University of Toronto - Engineering Team
and the LGMB climb on October 21st 3:30pm

Community Service Committee
Community@skule.ca

2004 Halloween Story Contest Winner

OUR HALLOWEEN STORY-WRITING CONTEST IS NOW OFFICIALLY OVER. THE TOKE WOULD LIKE TO GIVE A BIG THANK YOU TO EVERYONE WHO SUBMITTED AN ENTRY. WE HAD A GREAT TIME READING ALL YOUR EXCELLENT STORIES! CHOOSING A WINNER WAS DEFINITELY THE HARDEST PART OF OUR JOB THIS MONTH BUT ONE STORY STOOD OUT FROM THE REST, MEETING THE HIGH STANDARDS OF CLEAR AND WITTY TOKE WRITING. SO PLEASE ENJOY THE WINNING ENTRY AND HAVE A SAFE AND HAPPY HALLOWEEN!

The Halloween Eater

By Kevin Lai
Grade 5
Middlewood Public School

It was a dark and stormy Halloween night. I had just finished beating the last boss in Tetsuwar 3 and was getting ready to go trick or treating. "Be careful," said my Grandma. "Tonight is the night that goblins and demons come out to play. Remember that you should never look a demon in the eyes or it will eat your soul," she said. She was speaking in old person Chinese and I couldn't understand her so I just left.

Out on the street I noticed something was a bit different. There was a demon in the middle of the street eating everybody's candy! It was growling. "Halloween tastes great! I'm going to eat it all up!" All of the kids in the area were bolding their empty bags and crying. One little boy, Michael Brenton, was crying so much that he peed and pooped in his pants! The demon looked up and saw me and said, "Yum! More candy for me?" as he came towards me. I got scared and was just about to run when I heard a voice. "Kevin!" it yelled. I looked around for the person who yelled my name. Suddenly, he came out of the dark and it was the X-Knight from Tetsuwar!! He was holding a cool looking sword, a powerful gun, a cool

looking shield, and riding on a fast motorcycle. He jumped off a ramp and gave me a high five as he flew over my head.

"Grrrr!" growled the demon as X-Knight walked towards it. X-Knight used his fire blast but it didn't work. He used his lightning blast but the demon just kicked it away. Then he tried his strongest attack but the demon was still alive! Not even X-Knight could beat the demon! Was Halloween doomed? The demon was still very hungry. Then it saw something...

My teacher Mrs. Hannebury was working in her garden down the street. She was watering her raspberry bush. When the demon saw her, it went straight for her bush. As the demon was eating her bush, I got an idea. If he likes my teacher's bush, he'll love my grandma's pie! I told a bunch of kids my idea and we ran back to my house. With my grandma's help we baked 3000 pumpkin pies. We put all the pies in a big bag and ran back outside. "Hey demon!" I yelled.

"Why don't you eat these delicious pies?"

"Okay," said the stupid demon. My plan worked. The demon started eating the pies and got fatter and fatter and suddenly: BOOM!!! It exploded into pieces. It was snowing orange snow on Halloween! I let a Halloween-flake land

on my tongue. It tasted like pumpkins and salty ham. From that day on it snowed orange snow every Halloween. When I told my friends at school what happened, they didn't believe me so I punched them into the mountains.

The End ... ?

Interview with the Author

Toke: *That was a great story, Kevin. The world is in your debt.*
Kevin: *Thanks.*
Toke: *My favourite part was the grandma. She was a hottie.*
Kevin: *You know my grandma?*
Toke: *Not yet, but I intend to... if you know what I mean. You get it, right?*
Kevin: *Laughs*
Toke: *No, seriously kid. Are you going to hook us up or what?*
Um? Hook you up with what?

* Grandma yells something angrily *

Toke: *[swoon]*

This year's winner, Kevin Lai, will receive a Tetsuwar 3 lunchbox filled with inappropriate material. Including: The Toke Dick jokebook, The Toke Ass jokebook, and The Toke Dicks in Asses jokebook.

-Alex Wun

Pants Make Ass Look Great but Cause Nausea: A Love Story

U of T, a haven of success and normalcy? Not really. It is a veritable gallimaufry (a huge platter of food with everything mixed up in an unappetizing way). People with mental hang-ups and idiosyncrasies roam the halls. These tendencies are kept firmly in control by a delicate network of repression, social expectation and fear. Sometimes, this complex and tenuous network becomes strained and a single node breaks loose. Sometimes, someone goes insane.

Shirley McGibbon is one such victim. "I make myself sick," she says. Since Shirley is constantly in her own company, she is always ill. Once a girl who greeted every morning as a new opportunity, Shirley is now a living, breathing mound of vomit.

Why has she come to this? A lone tear gathers in the corner of her eye and she wipes a clump of half digested pizza from her chin. McGibbon sweetly explains how this heartbreaking ordeal began. "It is not my fault that my ass is my greatest asset. I finally find pants that accentuate my curves and they turn out to be 'Lulu Lemon'! I hate Lulu Lemon."

At the sound of the word, a torrent of sushi and soybeans soars through the air in a majestic arc that splatters on McGibbons lap. Stray pieces of rice eddy onto the floor like morning snowflakes. She wipes her mouth and removes her tirade.

"Lulu Lemon" she gags, "that trendy exercise-clothing brand that all the people I despise wear. The little Pi symbol that's somewhere on every fucking piece of Lulu-Fucking-Lemon attire fills me with such loathing that every time I think of them or wear them I harf all over myself. But I can't stop wearing them can I? Because they make my ass look great, don't they?"

One can understand and certainly smell her dilemma. The upchucking of sympathy and advice has been enormous, but McGibbon maintains that she does not want pity. "I would rather spew chunks on your grandmother

people wear all kinds of ugly shit." All she gets from people for her efforts are snickers and more vomit. "Hey, I'm not in marketing but the homeless follow me around everywhere, so do the mongrel dogs."

As if Lulu-Lemon induced retching is not enough, poor Shirley McGibbon has another problem. Removing her pants cannot solve this one. In a confession made to her psychiatrist, she explains.

"I get nauseous when I say cheesy puns to myself or in public. Though they're cornier than corn-flakes, higher powers compel me to spew them forth with vigor. They are so pathetic that I throw-up. I don't blame people for avoiding me. Who wants to be in a situation where the only thing funnier than being vomited on is the joke you just heard? These indulgent cracks cause me to retch but they also give me a warm fuzzy joy, not like being in a sauna with a gorilla. I have a good story about that actually. It was a sultry evening in 1997. Lilac and Eucalyptus perfumed the air but I hadn't taken a shower in weeks..."

After the psychiatrist suddenly projectile his dinner, the session ended. Bad Chinese food was not the only thing in the air, on the floor and on the walls that day. Sparks also flew. Nauseous McGibbon and the psychiatrist had more in common than they thought. A cure for poor Shirley has yet to be found but the two are currently dating. He loves her ass and they have a shared interest in vomit.

It seems like Shirley is condemned to live caked in her own bile for the rest of her days, but not alone.

- Marin Turk



while she's baking you birthday cookies than go back to sweatpants" she sneers. After a moment's pause, the pride on her face begins to crumble. She barks "Do you know what it is like to disgorge your breakfast in the middle of physics class and have a puss faced nerd say 'look at that trajectory' as he slaps your ass?"

McGibbon says she tries to overcome her differences and fit in. "Before I lost all hope" she recalls, "I attempted to pull the barf on my clothing off as a new fashion. 'Discolored yoga pants with semi-solid growths has a counter-cultural appeal, don't you think? I mean,

Physics and Mechanics

Name: _____

Grade Test Curriculum Adjustment

sics and Mechanics

Cylindrical pump is used to move an unknown Newtonian fluid of x is stored. When a force is applied parallel to the shaft, the unknown fluid will of the tube and he discharged a spout at the top of the pump.

is a 50cm long tube with a 20cm diameter. The fluid is being pumped from reservoir vessels that sit just below the pump and have a capacity of 1000 litres. The stiffness constant of the shaft, K_s , is determined by calculations.

In this question, Make reasonable assumptions and calculate the contain

Admissions
degree to the
induced while
examination does not
use the space below
of this paper.

options from
the best
years in
adminis-
tration will
last long



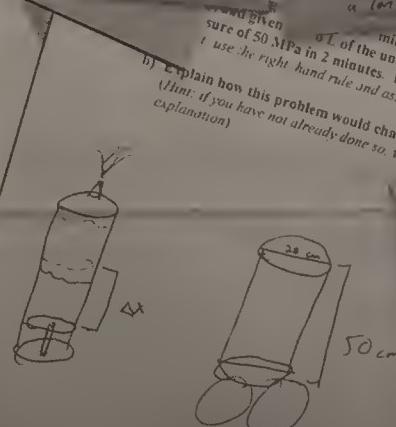
Gn CINDY

Physics and

Cindy must do a lot of work if 20 minutes is the discharge time.

OR
Candy must ~~do~~ not
do a lot of work if
the discourse takes
20 minutes. That's
a long time.

of the liquid, minutes. Assuming a \sqrt{t} of the unknown substance a in 2 minutes. How much work due to hand rule and assume head loss due problem would change if the fluid was already done so, you may want to



- she doesn't do
an issue where he's easily
able of work. He has
recitable.

What is God's problem?

GOOD QUESTION

Bonus teeth make baby Jesus cry. Think about it.

God didn't take biology.

My SPOON IS TOO BIG!

I'm a big weiner face

① I love Wang Wang is good Wang is great
what else should I write oh I don't know
let's throw in some more

Now in some calculations, $\frac{dF(x)}{dx} = F'(x)$
 $4.8 \times 10^{-4} \text{ m}^2/\text{sec}$

$$\frac{d^2x}{dt^2} = F(x) \\ 4.8 \times 10^{-4} \text{ m}^2/\text{second}$$

WING

How TO ROLL A BLUNT

- ① Buy weed from the w/d at the park
- ② Notice to 7-11
- ③ Buy 1 pack of smokes, a large degree & Break up the weed when you get home
- ④ Crack open the canary and break it
- ⑤ Grind the weed in the canary
- ⑥ Place the weed in the cigar
- ⑦ Roll it up, bags it
- ⑧ Light this - 64%

FUCK
IM SO MAD!!

Arrghh! Asteroid
We're Going DZE!

Master The Art Of Confusion



I used to work in an office seated right next to the IT department (Information Technology, for the computer illiterate nation). You know, those guys that come around and fix your mousey little problems. Those guys that, when your screen is blurry, wiggle the little green cable in the back of the computer making everything all better again. C'mon, you know the guys. These are the same people that are willing to help anyone you call upon them to fix the most minute of computer troubles. They smile, wink and say "Don't mention it, no problem" as they leave your office space. Well it's all an act, because when they return to their cubicles, all I hear is "There was nothing wrong with (insert your name here)'s computer. The moron entered the password incorrectly like 30 times." Anyway, one of the IT dudus was telling me that it gets rather tedious and annoying when they're asked to fix small computer details because it interrupts them from games of online Everquest. It took me a few weeks, but I was able to devise a plan to help my fellow co-workers. I realized that many people get overwhelmed when elaborate wording is used during any form of conversation this is especially true if some of the words are made up. For example, I was in charge of ordering office supplies, so I thought I would put my idea into play. Here is a real life discussion between me and my boss:

Mr. Rotch: Hey, Stu, I thought I told you to order staplers.

Stu: Yes sir, I did order them, they are out of stock.

Mr. Rotch: Funny, I called the supplier and they said they are in stock.

Stu: Well, yes, but the items are blockanned, so they won't really be available 'till next week, and besides they were custom rectulated and you don't need that kind of power in a simple office stapler.

Mr. Rotch: Hmm, yes. Very well then. Keep up the good work and let me know when those items are in.

You see. Very simple, very effective, very confusing. Do you think the boss is going to have time in his/her busy schedule to even look up the word blockanned in a dictionary? I hardly think so. So I shared this idea with my counterpart, who was more than pleased to put it to the test. The next call he received went something like this:

Secretary: Hey, Frank, I need to get into the expenses account, but it says to call IT to gain access first.

Frank: Right. See the thing is, our system has undergone an ever-questially datagrieving process...

Secretary: A what?

Frank: ...and what that means is, the server will be defunctalized until 1800 hours.

Secretary: Oh... will you let me know when things will...

Frank: Just check back at 1800 hours.

Secretary: When is tha...

Frank: Click... *click*

Bonus points for Frank because he illustrated a way to come up with a simple, yet effectively confusing word from the video game he was playing. And don't worry, the secretary didn't get mad when he hung up on her mid-sentence, because she was so confused.

Trust me, it works, and if you don't believe me, you can shortshank my lilymark.

For my final test, I thought I'd take my brainchild to the streets. It's about 2:30 in the morning on a Friday night and I'm drunk, and out of busfare. Ah, but here comes a bus, piloted by an unsuspecting driver. Let's watch...

Me: Uh, hey... I needn't provide fare this evening for last week I deposited three saclandish transwells and the TTC commissioner said it was confectioned and alright by his standards.

Driver: Kid, get off my bus!

Well... I stand corrected.

I guess my brainchild was not ready to be unleashed upon the real world. The driver was rather rude though. I had to edit a number of his comments. And when I say comments, I mean the number of boos he laid upside my head.

And remember kids, if you're stranded downtown and a bum offers you his blanket, please reconsider - You'll wake up with a rash on your face.

-Stuart Gots

Etiquette

other man's penis space and be in turn respects yours.

Exception: When the facilities are in high demand, it is acceptable to leave a buffer space of one urinal between yourself and the next man.

• What do you do if you can't have a buffer space? Simple: you wait. Wash your hands. Pretend to look at yourself in the mirror. You do anything but occupy a urinal next to another man. Use a stall if you really have to

• But what do you do when you follow all the rules and another man occupies the urinal next to you? Try not to acknowledge his presence. For all intents and purposes, he's invisible. Quicken your pace and move out of the washroom. You can always come back later.

• Never, ever, talk while at the urinal. Shut the fuck up, do your job, and

get out. If someone does talk to you because he's an EngSci student and is looking for attention, you have the right to remain silent and ignore his presence. Or better yet, bash his face into the urinal.

- No whistling either.
- Never, ever, look sideways. Always look directly in front of you.

• When done, make sure the transaction is properly executed and completed before turning around. The last thing you want is someone complimenting your shaved pubes.

• Lastly, wash your hands. This is critical. Because if you don't and someone recognizes you again later, you'll be recognized as "that guy who didn't wash his hands after peeing." And you'll still be a moronic douche bag.

-Yaser Habeeb

Tales of a Frustrated Loner

My mom always told me that stupid questions deserve stupid answers. Another adage I grew up with was no question is worth answering, unless you answer it so the person who asked it will never fucking do it again. I love my mumus. So, I shut up and no one talks to me. It's great. When some freak dares to interrupt my inner monologue with a dumb-ass question, they pay with their lives.

I was sittin' around doing my thing when some twerp of about age nine pulls my shirt. I was like "who the hell are you twerp?" He looked at me and said "Can I ask you a question?"

"Of course you can shnookums" I responded in a voice sweeter than home-

made frog legs freshly scavenged from the pool filter.

With childish glee, the boy, whose name was Joshie, asked "What would happen if I dropped a penny from the top of the C.N. Tower?"

"Well well" I said, "I guess you have not heard about what happened to old Yossi Glerber. He used to live around here you know!"

"What happened? What happened?" he squealed.

"Have a seat on the boiling hot cement sidewalk young lark and I shall tell you." Joshie sat on the sidewalk like a good little boy. Even though his bum-bum was burning, he didn't cry. "You know

what happens to little boys that cry" I warned. Then I began my story...

"Once upon a time, Yossi Glerber was returning from a Blue Jays game all by himself. On the street, he collided with a girl named Frieda Dairyproduct. Yossi had liked Frieda for a very long time and wanted to take her on a picnic. In fact, he liked her so much that he had pictures of her on every page of his agenda. He did his homework in the bathroom, if you know what I mean. Yossi was very upset because when he bumped into Frieda, he knocked her to the ground. He thought his dream of taking her on a picnic atop a grassy knoll was over forever."

-Marin Turk



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Tips to help you survive the winter:

- Don't go swimming outside without a jacket.
- Don't have sex with your girlfriend outdoors unless she's hot.
- Don't drive your car on a lake unless you have snow tires.
- Don't lick a flagpole without having eaten a warm stew. Your warm breath can thaw yourself off the pole.
- Don't make love to a polar bear without using a condom.
- Don't eat yellow (flavoured) snow unless you eat it slowly to avoid an icecream headache.
- Beware of black ice, it's much sneakier than white ice, and it has a history of taking your car for a joy ride when you're not careful.



Stay smart... Have a safe winter!

 Ontario

The Art of Avoiding People

So it's been a month since school has started and you're adjusting fairly well. You've been eating well, keeping up with your course load and, as a welcomed change, you actually have friends. But there will always be times when you'll run into people you used to know in high school. You'll want to avoid them for several reasons. Maybe you were just recently introduced to the shiver, to maybe you don't want your cool new film studies friends to find out how you've spent hours in your school's basement playing Dungeons and Dragons - I never did quite get that game. Or maybe THEY'RE the losers and you don't want to ruin your rep, you egotistical bastard. In any case, here are a few ways you can ensure that your image stays awesome and you remain loneliness-free.

IN LECTURES:

Hiding from someone during a lecture is easy, especially if you're in Arts and Science, since you'll be among 1500 others trying to avoid THEIR high

school friends. Simply find a really fat, preferably tall, guy and follow him around for a while. Keep him between you and the person you're avoiding at all times. Of course try not to stay too close to the big guy or he'll think you're his friend, and then you'll have to avoid him too. Now, finding one fat guy is easy, but finding two? Fuggetaboutit!

If you happen to sit near the person you're avoiding, duck down every time he or she turns his or her head to avoid visual contact. About halfway through the lecture, slowly slide down in your seat until you're on the floor and crawl towards the exit. Respond to people in bird noises so as not to attract any attention.

IN RES:

This may be a little bit harder since you have to see the people you live with almost everyday. Solution: Stop living there. Move all your stuff into your common room or rent a locker and live out of it. Go back twice a week when

everyone's in class to shower. This may be a lot less showering than usual for some, but a lot more for others. You know who you are. Sean.

Of course, if Mommy and Daddy insist that you stay at the place they paid for, there are still other ways you can avoid people. Paint your body with the same colour and patterns as the walls on your floor. That way, you can move around without being noticed. This will also give you a reason to walk around naked, aside from "My clothes give me a rash" and "Do these moles look cancerous to you?" Get suction cups and tie them onto your feet so you can walk on the ceiling. You can be that mysterious ceiling walker who only comes in around noon.

ON CAMPUS:

The trick is to not let them look you in the eye, kind of like with wolves. Anyway, if you make eye contact you'll have to engage in that awkward conversation where you ask each other how you are,

even though you don't care. Besides, it's not like he or she is going to tell you anyway. So here's what you do: when you see him or her walking towards you, put your hand over your face, shielding you from his or her view. Alternatively, cut holes out of a newspaper and hold it up as you walk. If he or she calls your name, walk faster. Break into a sprint if you think the person is following you and start throwing objects onto the ground as obstacles. Leave your books and bag behind if you need to. If you are walking with friends, leave them behind too; they're not worth it.

Sometimes an old high school mate will run up beside you and grab your shoulder, pulling you towards him or her. When this happens, punch them in the face, and then deliver a swift kick to the crotch. Following this, apologize and mutter something about twinks. Punch him or her again for good measure.

Now armed with this powerful advice, you have no excuse if your new friends find out what a loser you once were.

-Mei Ling Chen

Top 7 Things To Do With Old Textbooks You Don't Want

7. Build furniture out of them. Big, chunky furniture, most of which you'll never use.
6. Build an impenetrable wall around your house to keep out non-intellectual types.
5. Sew the covers together into a dress and market it on the European fashion circuit.
4. Learn to juggle.
3. Did someone say "bonfire?"
2. Throw them at people who talk really loudly in lectures.
1. Make lots and lots and lots of paper airplanes.

Legs Spread Far Apart

Ah, glorious public transit. As a commuter, I spend two hours everyday traveling. First the bus. Then the train. Then the streetcar. I can't complain though, it allows me to conduct informal research whilst going unnoticed.

As my prime example, there is a type of commuter, which I shall refer to as the "Legs Spread Far Apart" type or LSFA for short. The LSFA is always a male and ranges in age from sixteen to the late thirties. As the name suggests, the LSFA's most distinguishing characteristic is that while using the public transit, he will always be seated with both his legs spread as wide apart as possible. In fact, it is a functional requirement that the legs be spread at an angle of forty-five degrees or higher.

In doing so, the LSFA renders the two seats next to him inaccessible to other commuters. Indeed, this is a curious behaviour that has heretofore been unexplained since it's commonly disregarded by most transit users, as they're often much too afraid of approaching a LSFA. This is for many reasons, but primarily because LSFA's always seem as if they'd kill you at the slightest provocation. Given my curious nature, I decided that it was imperative for me to understand and account for such behaviour.

One of the first things that I noticed was that the LSFA is predominantly found in Scarborough, also known as Scarleam, Scarberia, Sarsborough, and even The Ghetto.

Since most of the males in this area of Toronto (myself excepted since I am not native to the region) are uncouth, untamed, and, more often than not,

stoned, this led me to postulate that levels of intelligence are directly linked to males exhibiting such behaviour. Thus, the lower a male's level of intelligence, the higher his tendencies to display LSFA behaviour.

By extension, this low level of intelligence can be linked to certain other primate-like behaviours in the LSFA, including speaking with such excessive slurring to the point that he is no longer intelligible, loud whistling, and banging his hands upon his chest. Such behaviour can be linked to tendencies displayed by our ancestors (a psychological vestige from the time when men lived in caves), primarily when it came to marking territory. Since urinating is no longer a viable option, the LSFA's have resorted to spreading their legs, thereby sending a powerful physical message to those around them.

Another hypothesis that I have come up with is that of the LSFA asserting his manhood (or manliness). As mentioned above, the angle at which the legs are spread send a message of varying degrees. LSFA's are all under the impression that in doing so, they send the message to certain types of females (who I have yet to characterize by type) that they are well endowed, and would therefore make good prospective mates.

The final, and most plausible hypothesis that I've arrived at is that the LSFA simply suffers from genital warts.

Since my professors and teachers have always taught me that the simplest hypothesis is most often the correct one, so be it.

-Yoser Habeeb

Uglies Speak Out


above: An UGGO
Now I've been a long time Toke reader, ever since my brother brought it home from school. I love the news briefs and always look forward to seeing what crazy articles you guys print. Some of them are very informative, like "Travel Talk with Mark" or "Cocaine on a Budget." It's as if you guys are speaking to me personally!

I've recently come to notice your frequent articles making fun of ugly people, and as the public relations director of United Grotesque Grislyes of Ontario (or UGGO) I'd like to request a stop to this immediately.

Sure, some of us may not be too graceful, or our faces may be asymmetrical. Others may have unexplained growths or ambiguous genders. But this does not mean that we are easy targets of cruelty.

Many of us lead rich and fulfilling lives and, contrary to popular belief, we do have friends! We also have jobs and families. In fact, our secretary has just been promoted to lead tester in the make-up industry. Another member has won a million dollar lawsuit against Petro Canada. Apparently you're not supposed to bathe in gasoline. But now, thanks to him, it says so on the label.

So next time, think before you print. After all, we are people too (contrary to popular belief).

Bored? Try these.

ASS

THE 2 PINK

BUSH
BUSH SEX BUSH
BUSH

PROF
OVER
PROF

Find the hidden messages.

(For example:  = Fuck You)

Still bored?

Go fuck yourself. We hear it's highly pleasurable.
You could even do it on the TTC. It's not like it's that dirty to do it in public after all, the TTC is kinda dirty so you'd only be adding to the bigness.
Just don't do it near the driver. He'll hit you if you do.

We're not only the better way, we're the only way. Success doesn't fit.

The Toke Oike

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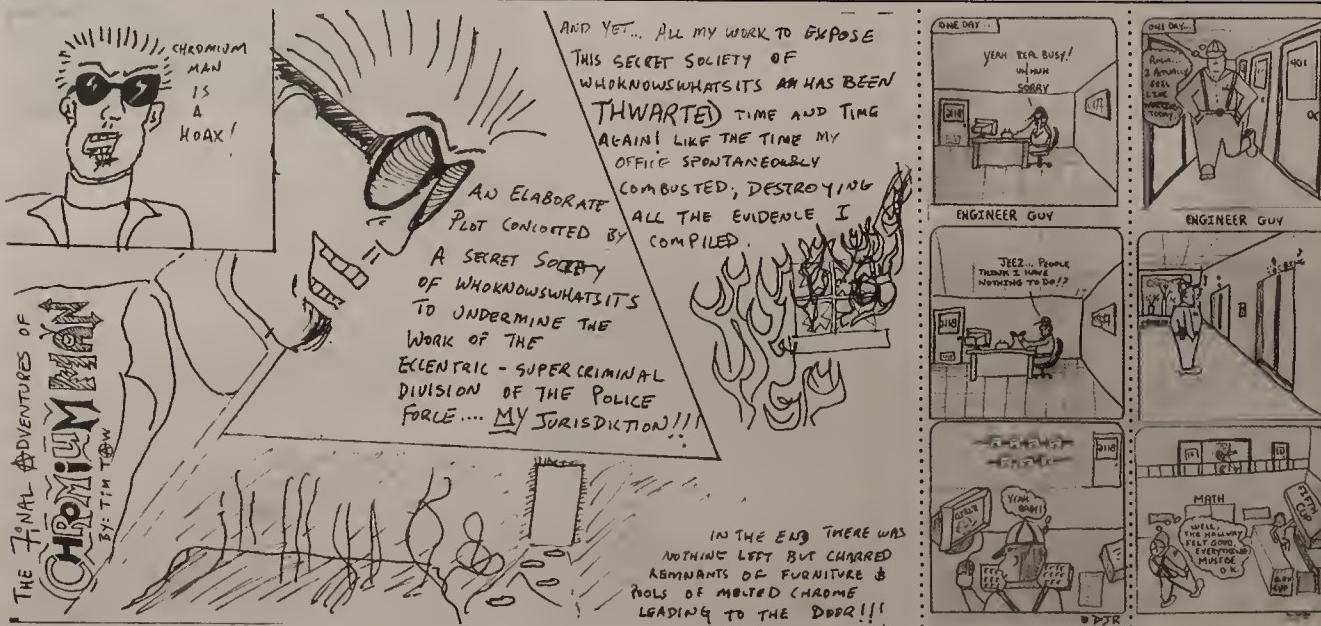
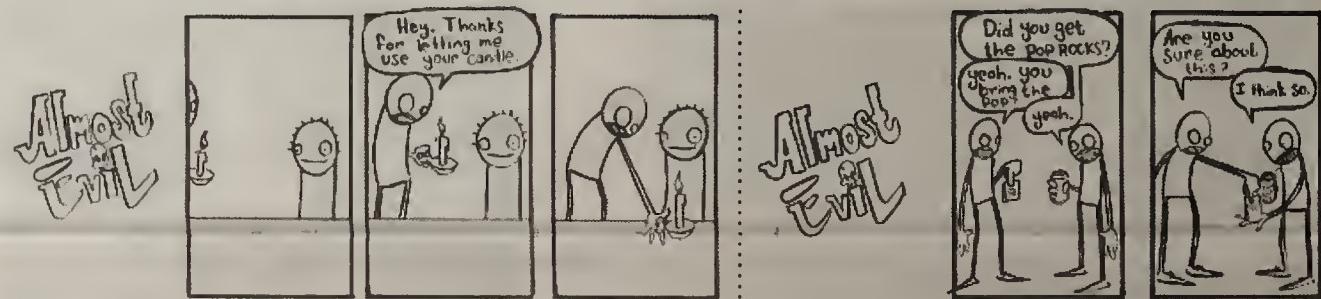
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COMICS



Is Your Roommate A Creep?

So you're almost a month into your school year and your workload has already piled up. You're sick of school, lectures, professors, etc. Your only sanctuary is the 6x7 prison cell you call a dorm room. But your roommate concerns you. You wonder if your roommate is a creep. If he is, here are some signs to look out for.

1. He keeps replaying his Canadian Idol audition tape while crying and muttering to himself, "I could've been the one."

2. This morning, he admits that he lost his razor and used yours instead. Strangely, he still has a full beard.

3. He wets his bed in the middle of the night and begs you to let him sleep in your bed with you. He promises he won't try anything kinky this time.

4. You come to realize that it's been almost a month into the school year and you've never really seen him leave the dorm room. On the other hand, the bed wetting seems more justified.

5. The unusual smoke-detector with the black glass casing and the flashing red light, which he insisted on installing himself, makes a suspicious

beeping noise when you take off your clothes. Upon confronting him about this, he gently places his hand over your lips and whispers "Shhhh... It's okay. It's okay".

6. When you refuse to help him with his calculus homework, he hisses at you like a cat until his asthma gets the better of him.

7. You open your door to find him lying on his bed surrounded by a hundred mannequin heads and, with a grin on his face, he asks you "Guess which one is fake?"

8. He is convinced that you are possessed by the ghost of Captain James Trevarton and you need to be purified by bathing naked in the frigid coastal waters of the Bay of Fundy with a concoction of blood, garlic, rose petals, cinnamon and holy water until the evil presence is confronted, overpowered and compelled by the spirit of Christ. Your doctor thinks it's just mild fever.

9. You find him soaking all your bed sheets in water. When questioned, he laughs and replies "Water? I thought it was gasoline. Silly me. I'm hungry. Let's go get some lunch."

10. After a month of uncertainty, you tell him that you are concerned about his graying hair and would like to know how old he is. He flips out and shouts at you "It's not how old you are but how old you feel." Then he storms out of the room.

- Prof. Sonjeyan Kalatharan



Professor Kalatharan is a certified creepologist at the University of Toronto. He has is Masters of Assholology, and his Doctor of Philosophy in Narcissism. He is the top most respected researcher in his field.



How dare you? How dare you relegate this article so far back in the paper? This is absurd. The unmitigated gall! There must be some sort of authority figure I can talk to about this oversight. Clearly this article is far superior to anything on pages 1-3 where the really prime stuff goes. How dare you put me on page 11? What kind of a two-bit rag are you running here?

I mean, look at what this article has to offer for muffin's sake. To begin with, it makes no sense to be complaining about article placement when indeed no other article exists but the one that complains about article placement. The circularity of it all! It's beyond comic gold...it's fuckin' comic platinum! No, NO a comic diamond set in gold mounted on platinum!

And everyone loves a good rant. Who doesn't love a rant? Raise your hand and I will swiftly slap it down. I demand you to say you wouldn't love to see a rant somewhere around oh, say, pages 1-3! Ok, I'll bargain with you. I'll take page 4; it's respectable.

What's that you say? You're cutting me off? Now you're telling me the article can only be this long. Oh no you don't. I'm going onward you pompous assholes! Just try and stop this word machine from weaving its magic in front of you. Blah blah la la, longer longer article. More words on and on, doobee doobee doooo. Had enough yet? You know you're still thinking about moving me up in the world.

Fine. I can see now that my last effort will have to be an appeal to the readers, if this godforsaken paper even has any! Listen, it's up to you. All you need are some scissors and some paste. Cut me out, carefully please, I'm sensitive. Be sure to read whatever is on the back side of this page first. Now paste me over whatever nonsense has usurped this article and landed on page 3 instead. That's it. Well done.

- Annie Unnold

TOIKE OIKE PHOTO CONTEST!!!

Submit your best photos for one, or all of the categories below. Winners will be selected by our staff and published in the next issue.
Goodluck and happy hunting!

MEETING THE TOIKE

In this category, all you have to do is get a picture of you shaking the hand of anyone on the masthead. Sounds easy enough? I thought so.

* Staff are disqualified.

YOUR PROF HOLDING A TOIKE

In this category, convince your professor to hold a Toike and get a picture of them. You must have the consent of the professor before you do this!

THE ALL DAY SANDWICH

In this category, you must make an "all day sandwich" and take a photo of it. The all day sandwich, as defined by the Toike Oike, is a triple decker beast with each layer representing a meal of the day. (i.e. bacon and eggs on top, cold cuts on the middle, and a hamburger patty on the bottom).

CLASSIFIEDS

MERCH WANTED

CHLOROFORM needed to help me score with chicks. VJ, 555-0489.

DEFLECTOR SHIELD required to enhance the astrometrics laboratory. 555-0404.

A WORD that rhymes with orange. Call Dave 555-B407

12 HITS OF ACID needed to meet my in-laws. 555-9499.

RAZOR SHARP WIRE needed to maim the neighbourhood children. 555-6661

CROTCHLESS THONG needed to read personal ads in. Call Deano, 555-2498.

SELLATIO needed from my girlfriend. Carlo 555-9211.

MIDDLE-AGED MOTHERS needed to cook and load. Stefano, 555-4309.

BLACK MATERIA. Summons Meteor. Seph, 555-3490.

PEPPER SPRAY. Makes sure your kid doesn't wet his bed anymore. 555-4979.

LIQUID AI supply. Emptied by Al's left/right hands three times daily. 555-0937.

CLEAN SOCKS good for stuffing crotch area. Roger, 555-3483.

YO' mamma. Biotch! Call Tom, 555-0887.

EVIL monkey to haunt my closet. Call Chris 555-4568

A POT that boils when I watch it. I like to watch. 555-6307.

99 bottles of beer stacked on a wall. Call Shawn, 555-6990

HIRED bitch to knock a heer off a wall. on my command. Call Dong, 555-6990

MERCH FOR SALE

ANAL SEAFOOD. We're fresh obsessed. 555-3499.

ONE FREE HUMMER. Comes with purchase of dinner & moderately priced wine. I'm easy. Amanda, 555-3094.

USED ANAL BEADS. Comes with free Skulebook. 555-9848.

WORD that rhymes with orange. Don't believe me? Call Henry 555-6431.

MY dignity, self respect, and honour. Call Paris and Nikki at 555-4290

FRESH pizza. Call 967-1111.

THE crotch of a blonde goddess. Are you looking for a good time tonight? If so, call 555-4293

EQUIPMENT to catch and permanently detain ghosts. Call Bill at 555-6029.

HELP WANTED

FILTHY MEXICAN needed to administer Dirty Sanchez. Nacho, 555-3508.

SHAMAN needed to eat ex-girlfriend's soul. Kiran, 555-4909.

INNAPPROPRIATE TREE HUGGER needed to love my wood. Cooper, 555-9278.

FLAUTIST needed to play the skin flute. No exp. required. Cicero, 555-0659.

WOMAN needed to lick honey from my hairy chest cavity. Dante, 555-4999.

SHIT-FETISH.COM needs volunteers to host a breakfast for underprivileged children. 555-4493.

FROSH needed for drunken weird fetish sex and awkward uncomfortable looks the following day. Mike 555-9642.

PERSONALS

DRUNK MEXICAN. Republican, loud, hates the Libs. Armando 555-B012.

FUN PARTY DUDE. I'm like your drunken neighbour, except I'm not your neighbour. Paul 555-1801.

SINGLE pathetic male seeking equally as pathetic single female. Must be willing to experiment with squirrels in bed. Call Joe 555-4039

MBA GRAD willing to fetch coffee and pick up dry cleaning. Mr. Christie, 555-2033.

WANT TO PLACE AN AD?

**GO FUCK
YOURSELF!**

Arts & Science

Essay Grading Criteria

20% Grammar

10% Tone

10% Accuracy

10% Subject

25% Oral Favor for Professor

25% Quality of Oral Favor

Total:

30 / F.

Professor Comments:

Although your essay was reasonably strong, you'll note by the grading criteria that you lost significant marks in the category of my oral favor. Had you actually given me, you would have received a much higher mark. Here's where my comments become rushed and ill-organized because I really don't care. Good work, but maybe you're not university material after all.

JP Paddington //

by Dave McKenna Where is your introduction? Conversational-

Alright, all you bankers, listen up. No more banking, okay? No more this is a law-making and law-enforcing. That means lawyers are gonna have to formal person stop all that right away. No more judges, alright? How did we get to this point, man, where another man who people call a "judge" right, a "judge", okay, can tell me I can't live in this society no more! Listen, Where is okay, no more, fuckin, like fuckin police officers, alright? You guys ~~groped~~ of walk around like you rule the world - and you almost do man, you almost fuckin do - but look, no more bullshit, alright, no more of that fuckin bullshit. And no more corporations, okay, like no more CEO's with their fuckin off-planets and their god-damn tax breaks, and their tax havens man, like in the Bermudas and Bahamas and all those kinds of places. Why don't you come back ~~to your country~~ and put some money ~~separate~~ back into the fuckin country that nurtured you man, like that fuckin made your ideas it possible for you to be rich man, and your fuckin (~~ohh my god man!~~) ~~with which~~ can't you see that the se guys are the biggest fuckin criminals of all, man, they steal the money of the fuckin people, man, they fuckin rob the people blind, man, and no body does shit! They don't go to jail, man. They don't know what it's like in jail. They don't fuckin go to jail, man. Leave your schools - look, you think you're gaining knowledge man but you're not. at home. You think you're gaining knowledge? It's not knowledge, man, it's This is Not fuckin mind control, man. Somebody should teach the teachers what to teach, fuckin... fuck man, they don't know true knowledge, right, true knowledge, edge, man. They can't know, man. They can't know what it is to fuckin, powerful conclusion but your organization skills are lacking. Excessive use of profanity takes away from possible creative or insightful opportunities.